In Memoriam

CATHERINE S. CAMPBELL BECKETT

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In Memoriam.

Catherine S. Campbell-Beckett

BY

REV. L. J. COPPIN.

1888.

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Introduction.

By B. T Tanner, D.D.

Says the Christian:

"Oh, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy, weak or fond;
When hope would bid us rest secure
In better life beyond.
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
Her promise may gainsay
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And God did ne'er betray."

Says the unbeliever:

"Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around;
Nor that content surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found
And walked in leisure glory crown'd."

Echoing the sentiment of the lines first given, it is to be steadfastly affirmed that Christian people not only live happily, but always die well; aye more, it is to be affirmed that such die triumphantly, and that, too, despite the circumstances attending either their living or their dying. No subject of the realm, howsoever little or unknown, died more gloriously than did William IV, of whom, in his last moments, it is said, he "collected all his rapidly declining strength to avow his 'steadfast belief' in the grand doctrines of Christianity, and the comfort which he derived from its precepts, promises and hopes." No unlettered soldier of the Salvation Army of to-day dies more triumphantly than did the philosopher, John Locke. "I know you loved me," said he in a note left to his friend, Antony Collins, with directions to deliver it to him after his decease—"I know you loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity which soon passes away, and affords

no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true when you come to make up the account." Not even our own humble Richard Barney—Father Barney we called him, who in his last hours said: "Tell the brethren, I meet death without daunt, fear or alarm"—died more resigned than did Edward, Duke of Kent, who, cut off in an unexpected moment, said: "This is sudden; but, I am persuaded, is for the best. I confidently leave the princess* to One above who cannot err. I feel that He will watch over her and protect her. Earthly parents err, fondly and fatally: He cannot." And what layman, however unpretentious, ever died nearer the pearly gate than did Rev. Shute Barrington, the great Bishop of Salisbury and Durham. "I must not die wealthy," he wrote on the very verge of the grave. "It is criminal in a

* The princess here mentioned is the present Queen of England, whose reign of a half century has been so signal.

bishop. Your cautions are misplaced; don't repeat them. I am but a steward; and you must remember that it is expected in a steward that he be mindful of his trust."

And so die all of God's people. Race nor nation, age nor civilization, attainments nor conditions, power nor place, have ought to do with the matter. It is securely and entirely in the Father's keeping; and one who knows hath said: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

How true all this was of the dead whom we so lovingly remember may be seen by reading this, *In Memoriam.* Sadly tried in her last moments, Charlotte Elizabeth, being asked how she stood it, replied: "It is the love of Jesus that sustains me."

And was it not so with our dead? Similarly tried, did she not similarly triumph? Katie's trials—we speak thus familiarly of her with a respect that is akin to reverence itself—her trials, trials peculiar to dying, we mean, and which no nearness to the Fathers's bosom can utterly assuage—what were they? And first, she was compara-

tively young. Young people instinctively shrink back from death. They may really be said to have somewhat of a horror of it. And it is well they do. A strong and genuine love of life is in every way necessary to the successful performance of life's duties. Take this away, and the world and man will not be what we see to-day. It is therefore that Nature herself implants this strong love of life in the young, to the end that they "may finish the work given" them to do. Our beloved dead, then, being young, may be supposed to have had an attachment to life as strong as any of her age. When, therefore, Death came to break the silken cord, his first approach was doubtless of the nature of a shock. But her saintly nature soon asserted itself, and above the din of fast approaching mortality, the clarion notes of victory in the blood of the Lamb were heard.

But Katie was not only young, and may, therefore, as we have said, be supposed to have greatly desired to live, but she was happily mated and had been for more than

a decade of years. Oh, the strength of such love! If the love of David and Jonathan, two men, could be called "wonderful," what may we not say of the love that binds a happily mated husband and wife? Here it is that woman's love, the love of which minstrels have sung and poets have written, is seen, if not at its best, certainly at its highest:

> "Set me as a seal upon Thine heart,
> As a seal upon Thine arm:
> For love is as strong as death."

Yet, when the word came for the severance of such love, it was heard, if not with perfect joy, certainly with perfect resignation.

Youthful and happily mated, as we have seen, she was the mother of a numerous family. Ah, the strength of a mother's love! Parental love is the strongest known; and of the parental, the maternal is the stronger. This, Scripture teaches by the plainest inference. As illustrative of the nearness and the dearness of the relation-

ship existing between God and His saints the love parental is referred to: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God" (1 John 3: 1). But as illustrative, not of the relationship of the saints to God, but of God's love for the saints, the love maternal is presented: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, these may forget, yet will not I forget thee" (Isa. 49: 15). As we have said, Katie was a mother; boys four, girls three, seven in all. And such girls! especially such boys! If the heart of the pagan mother of the Gracchi could exult, especially in her boys, in anticipation of what under a kind Providence they might become, how much more the Christian mother exult. That Katie rejoiced in her numerous offspring is without question. Aware of what awaited them, especially the eldest, upon whose already manly shoulders the sure rights and honors of primogenitureship have already been set-

tled, she had every reason to expect great things of them in the near future. We have no idea she asked, with the mother of Zebedee's children: "Command that these my two sons may sit one on thy right hand and one on thy left hand in thy kingdom (Matt. 20: 21); but we do have an idea that, like Susanna Wesley, who so kept the future of her children before her as to say with this justly famed woman in one of her letters to John Wesley: "
you do not know what work God may have for you to do . ." But alas! alas! with bright visions of their future usefulness and honor, such as her sweet motherly nature would be most likely to conjure up, dazzling her eyes, she is called suddenly away. In one short week all proved, in so far as her earthly seeing went, a mere dream, a phantom.

How royally she died, one has only to read and see.

In presenting this volume to the public, the editor, Rev. Levi J. Coppin, puts the Church again under a debt of gratitude.

When quite a decade younger than he now is he gave the Church a small *In Memoriam* of Wealthy Dorsey of blessed memory. Later on a similar volume of Arthur Tate, for years a power in Old Bethel. And now comes this, which all must confess a volume of rare merit. May the reception it receives be altogether in keeping with his painstaking labor of love. And may the sweetness of the odor of Katie's life fill all the churches; and the bewitching beauty of her career prove contagious to our daughters of Zion. Having lived well, and died well, we know she rests well.

CHURCH REVIEW ROOM, 631 Pine St.

Historical Sketch.

AT 1123 North 11th Street, Philadelphia, Penna., resides a venerable man, who is as well known for his piety and philanthropy as for his energy and learning. Although he has passed his three-score-and-ten years, he is as active as a youth and says he enjoys as good health as he did twenty years ago.

For years it has been his custom to rise at four in the morning, spend the first hours in prayer and in reading the Scriptures, then occupy himself in the study of scientific works and current literature.

The person referred to is Jabez P Campbell, D.D., one of the Bishops of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and, with one exception, the oldest man now on the Bench. He was married, October 10th, 1844, in the city of New York, to

Mrs. Stella Medley, a young widow, who was a native of Baltimore, Md.

On the 8th day of July, 1852, there was born to them a daughter whom they called Catherine Stella. This person—Catherine Stella Campbell—afterwards familiarly known as Kate S. Campbell Beckett, is the subject of this memorial, which is respectfully dedicated to her relatives and friends in particular and the women of the race in general.

Her mother died when she, Katie, was but twenty-two months old. No one can fail to appreciate the responsibility which rested upon her father for the rearing and training of this infant daughter. In 1854 he came to the city of Philadelphia by the appointment of the authorities of the Church, and was made the Editor of the *Christian Recorder*, the organ of the Church, and in addition to this he was made General Book Steward and Pastor of Union Church, then located at Fifth Street and Fairmount Avenue. In the following year, 1855, he was united in

marriage to Mrs. Mary A. Shier, and little Katie, being three years old, fell heir to a stepmother. The marriage proved to be a most happy event. The stepmother became in every essential way a real mother, as well as a faithful and loving wife. She so impressed her own amiable character upon little Katie that it is hard to decide whether the excellent womanhood, into which she so early developed, was most due to heredity or environment; however, in order to do justice to both sides, let us bear in mind that these are the two factors which make the sum of human character.

The days of her childhood were characterized by those traits which make the model child, such as meekness, gentleness and obedience. Becoming a Christian early in life, she naturally broadened upon those lines already most prominent in her character. But as there are contributions to this memorial, which take up more in detail her early womanhood, including her career at school, I shall omit further mention of it here. Suffice it to say that

Philadelphia became her permanent home. Her father, being elected to the office of Bishop, did not itinerate, as is commonly the lot of Methodist preachers. So Philadelphia became her permanent home till by marriage her lot was cast into the itinerant ranks.

She was married to Rev. John W Beckett, at Philadelphia, on the 9th day of November, 1876, and went with him to his appointment at Hagerstown, Md., and subsequently to Baltimore, Md., and to Bethel Church, three years; thence to Philadelphia Union Church, two years; to Wilmington, Del., Bethel Church, three years, and back to her original home, Philadelphia, and this time to Bethel Church.

It is worthy of special notice that at each and all of the places above mentioned she was universally beloved. It would seem, indeed, that she made no foes. The loveliness and evenness of her character had a magnetic effect upon all, by which they were drawn to her to the extent of real and permanent attachment.

Her family life was most happy. She was a faithful, loving and trustful wife and mother. How she managed her household is told upon another page, and what she thought of the character of her husband is also given in her own words.

It was her lot to be the mother of a constantly increasing family; but the numerous and important responsibilities of such a lot were met with that equanimity, fortitude and resignation which was so characteristic of her in every relation of life.

After a brief illness of but ten days she departed this life in the triumph of Christian faith, on the second day of February, 1888, leaving to mourn her loss an aged and loving father, a devoted stepmother, a kind husband and seven children, the oldest eleven years and the youngest but eleven days old.

Funeral Services.

THE funeral took place at Bethel A. M. E. Church, on Monday morning, February 6th, 1888, at ten o'clock.

The day was mild and beautiful. The sun shone as it but seldom does in February, and it was estimated that from two thousand to twenty-five hundred people attended the services. All who could not crowd into the stately and historic building were content to wait outside, with the hope of at least witnessing the solemn procession as it followed casket and bier to the waiting hearse.

The services, according to arrangement, began at about ten o'clock. Rev. L. J. Coppin, pastor of Allen Chapel, officiated and delivered substantially the following address:

I Thess. 4: 13, 14.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are fallen asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," etc.

This epistle is the earliest of St. Paul's writings. On account of the opposition of the unbelieving Jews he was driven from Thessalonica. But there were many who did believe, and about these the Apostle was much concerned. He very much desired to visit them that he might encourage and strengthen them while in the midst of fiery trials. But being unable to go himself he sent Timothy, who returned with an encouraging account of their faith and steadfastness, but reported that they were amid great persecutions and trials; moreover, that they were somewhat perplexed concerning the second coming of our Lord and of the true state of the dead. This message from Timothy furnished the occasion for the writing of this epistle.

After his usual and peculiar salutation

Paul proceeds to commend their faith and exhort them to steadfastness. Then he comes to the important subject that was causing them such distress of mind, and concerning this he tells them he would not have them to be ignorant.

This all-absorbing desire of the Thessalonian Christians to know something more certain about the state of the dead was nothing new. It is one of those subjects that forces itself upon the mind of mankind. In the recent controversy at Andover upon eschatology, it came to light that one of the first things that the heathen wants to know after he embraces Christianity is, what has become of his ancestors who are dead.

Christianity speaks authoritatively concerning those who depart this life. St. Paul, in speaking of the Christian's death, is wont to call it, sleep. In referring to David he says: "After he had served his generation, by the will of God fell on sleep." St. Stephen is said to have fallen asleep. Then, our Lord uses similar language.

Says He, "The maid is not dead but sleepeth." Concerning Lazarus He says, "I go to awake him out of sleep."

Those sayings are significant. What the Christian needs to do is to catch the idea that those words are intended to convey. When we think of death we associate with it the thought of destruction, annihilation; but not so with sleep; this suggests rest, repose, refreshment.

Of course I do not say that there should be no feeling of sadness; this would be unnatural. Who can look upon the scene before us without a feeling of sadness? Who would not in his innermost soul sympathize with these parents, this husband and these children? No, I do not ask that you be inhuman, but I beg you not to sorrow as those who have no hope.

It is by looking at the subject from the standpoint of the text that we can understand the words of Our Lord, where He, adressing those who followed Him to the cross, said: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children." He had

said to them, "I go to my Father," but they could not understand why He must needs go the way of Calvary. So it is with us. When the pale horse and his rider approach we shrink back with fear, if not despair. But in the words of our Lord we would say, "Weep not." Those who die in the Lord have but fallen asleep in Jesus; they have made their escape from the evils of this life; they are free from the world's temptations. But weep for those who are yet in the midst of the battle, and may be overcome.

Our Lord knew how hard it would be for the disciples to become reconciled to His departure from them. So he carefully avoided any mention of His death till late in His ministry. And then, before doing so, He had them make a public confession of His Messiahship. And still, to further strengthen their faith and prepare them for the terrible shock that would come upon them on account of His demise, He promised that some of them should not taste of death till they saw the Son of Man coming in His kingdom. What this meant is evi-

dently explained by the visit upon the "holy mount" and the transfiguration. There, before "some of them," viz.: Peter, James and John, Christ appeared, not as they were accustomed to see Him, but in His glory. There also were Moses and Elijah, who, though having died (?), fallen asleep centuries before, appear also with Him in glory, and they hold conversation with Him. Here the naked eye of those representative Apostles is permitted to gaze upon a soul in its spirit form. By this they see the reality of "life after death." Here their hope of a glorious immortality without corruption and defilement cannot but be strengthened.

I have no thought that our sister would exchange worlds at this moment, even if she could. The glories of the spirit world far exceed anything that the human heart can conceive of, even when the strongest imagination is drawn upon. The Christian's death is but a grateful release from this world, where life is imperfect, and a promotion to life real, to life fadeless and pure.

There are others to speak, therefore I must close my remarks; but before doing so, I wish to refer definitely to two of the many excellent traits of our sister's character, and I do so especially for the benefit of our young women.

First.—As to an early Christian life. There are many who seem to get an idea that Christianity is for persons of riper years. That the normal way to spend early manhood and womanhood is amid the gaieties and pleasures of the world. That consecration to the cause of Christ would not only be difficult to make, but if made, would deprive the person making it of what justly belongs to the first years of one's life. But what a sad mistake this is! Christianity was never intended to in any way interfere with our happiness; to the contrary, it is its mission to teach what true happiness is, and to prepare one to live in the enjoyment of it. It is the delusive argument of Satan, that holds up worldly pleasure as happiness. There is nothing that can bear testimony so correctly as ex-

perience, and it is the universal testimony of all young persons who become Christians early in life, and who live in the enjoyment of its blessings, that their happiness and safety is more dependent upon that fact than it is upon all of life besides. They come to learn the difference between what is real and what only seems to be. They are saved from a thousand snares from which nothing else offers absolute protection By giving themselves early to the Lord they are brought into such associations as will develop their moral and religious characters, giving them strength and permanence of character that they could not otherwise have.

There is nothing like making a decision on the right side and at the proper time. The habit of vacillating is not only dangerous because it hazards one's salvation, but also in that it builds up a character that is altogether weak and uncertain. A thing that is right and good should be accepted at once, lest the desire to do so be lost.

Sister Beckett gave herself to Christ in

the days of her youth, before entering upon the stern realities of life. This decisive step determined her future course and enabled her, right in the prime of life, to meet death without fear, so that it can be truly said of her: She fell asleep.

Second.—As to the duties of married life. When one enters into the bonds of matrimony, an epoch is marked in his life. It is the completion of an old condition and the beginning of a new. This truth applies with equal force both to the man and to the woman. So many sacrifices are to be made, that many refuse to make them. This is a question that should be most thoroughly considered beforehand, and so, when the new life is entered upon, it should be with a determination to be true to the trust. While there are joys awaiting this union, "instituted by God in the time of man's innocency," there may also be sorrows in waiting. With many advantages come also disadvantages. It will often occur that one's own will must be set aside for the general good of all. The heroic

young woman whom we honor to-day was not wanting in this respect. She was a model wife. She bore with Christian fortitude the lot of a young mother, and met the arduous responsibilities of her household in a way that would do credit to one of much greater experience.

I now read from a paper which contains a brief biographical sketch, and also words spoken by her to those who were last at her bedside:

"Mrs. Beckett, or 'little Katie Campbell,' addressed by those who have known her from birth, was an estimable woman. From childhood she possessed qualities of amiability, humility and obedience which caused her to be admired by many. She was the constant companion of her mother, separated only when necessity compelled. They counseled together and shared each other's joys and sorrows. They were more like equals and associates than mother and daughter. Katie was deeply pious. From childhood she was religiously inclined; but not until the meetings held by Moody and

Sankey in this city, 1875, did she clearly see the light. On Thursday morning, November 9th, 1876, she was united in wedlock to Rev. J. W Beckett, going immediately with him to his appointment in Hagerstown, Md. As a wife she was loving, true, kind and affectionate. She lived to please her companion; she was the queen of the house, none was ever placed before her. There and in that home she exhibited that modest, quiet and loving character. She was never heard to utter an impatient word, always in great sympathy with the arduous duties of her husband, and gave advice in the right spirit.

As a mother she was kind, loving and indulgent, yet firm and positive. Her children were devoted to her. Notwithstanding the many cares incumbent by the large family and other responsibilities, she was never abusive nor used impatient epithets to her children. She took delight in trying to answer their many and intricate questions. She never was demonstrative nor allowed herself to become excited.

She took much time and care, believing anything worth doing should be well done. She endeavored to treat every one with the utmost politeness and respect, and never found time to indulge in speaking evil of any one.

"Her death was very unexpected. On last Wednesday morning the physician, perceiving the change, informed the husband that there were very slight hopes of her recovery. On Wednesday evening she very affectionately kissed her husband and said, 'John Wesley, preach the word; preach Jesus and Him crucified. You will have much opposition and will be falsely accused, but remember Jesus says, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you for my sake, rejoice and be exceedingly glad; for great is your reward in heaven.' Hold up the standard for Jesus. Hold it high. Never allow it to trail. Jesus will help you. Don't dodge in and out, but live for Jesus. Keep close to Jesus. Do not go ahead of Him, nor be-

hind, but keep close at His side. Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day and forever He is with me and He will be with you. Will you trust Him?'' She then sank in unconsciousness; when she aroused she was weeping. In the presence of Sisters Hodges, Rodgers and Clark, Sister Elizabeth Ralls inquired, 'Sister Beckett, why do you weep. Are you in pain?' 'No, ma'am, I have not had any pain this day. I am happy. I am glad that I am saved. I never was demonstrative in religion, but Jesus is with me and I am resting in His love. Sister Hodges, my husband is a Christian. He lives it at home and abroad; out of Church and in the Church. I know him. I have lived with him over eleven years and I know whereof I speak. He will have opposition, but He that is for him is more than all that can be against him.' Her last sentences, uttered before death, on arousing from slumber, were:

'And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face;
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.''

Having thus said she fell asleep, and her sainted spirit took its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss.

Rev. B. T Tanner, Editor of the A. M. E. *Church Review;* Rev. C. T Shaffer, Pastor of Union A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coppin, Principal of the High School (of which the deceased was a graduate), also President of the Parent Mite Missionary Society, in which she labored so faithfully, all spoke. Their addresses are given in the order in which they were delivered.

Dr. Tanner's Address.

In the presence of this vast multitude, need I ask the occasion of their assembling? Ah! it is already too well known. A calamity that rises to the dignity of a sad event has happened to us. Socially, it is as though a cyclone had swept down upon us, carrying before it all that we love;

it is as though a mighty flood-tide had rushed in bearing away upon its raging bosom all that our hearts had been set upon; it is as though we had experienced a mighty earthquake, leveling to the earth —and leveling, too, to rise no more, all that we deemed precious on earth. And yet, in the face of all this that is to us as a cyclone, as a madly rushing flood-tide, in the face of this earthquake, standing here as I do the representative of Him who doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the children of men, standing, I say, as a representative of the God who is invisible and whose voice cannot be audibly heard with mortal ears, I plead for resignation to both His will and His way: Be resigned, be resigned. I know it is seemingly hard and not to be understood, to say nothing of being joyfully appreciated, and yet, despite all, I stand here and plead for perfect resignation to His providence. Oh, venerable Bishop, you who are moaning the loss of an only child, be resigned to this awful stroke.

Oh, my dear brother Beckett, you who are lamenting the loss of a wife, the loss of Katie, whom we all so tenderly loved, be resigned, be resigned. Murmur not at His chastening, howsoever severe. Rather kiss the smiting rod. I do not pretend to explain what God has now done; for verily are His ways in the deep, and as the Psalmist says: No man can follow Him. This only do I say: Recognize what God hath done. See in it the smiting of the heavenly Father. From the clouds hear this Heavenly Father say: "Oh, my grief-stricken children of earth, be resigned. I cannot make you always see my love; but believe me, my dear children, I am doing all in love, as you yourselves will see when the veil falls from your vision." And so addressing myself not only to these stricken ones, but to this vast assembly, I say to one and to all: Be resigned. Believe that God in love hath done this—believe, I say, and dry up your tears; believe, and bid the heart be still. All will be explained by-and-by. Now we see through a glass darkly,

but when the time shall come, as come it shortly will, when the shimmering rays from the Throne of God will flit across our pathway, and we shall see light in the light of God, then will He be justified in all His ways, and we be able to take up the glad strain: "Just and true art thou in all thy ways, O King of Saints." It is Isaiah who speaks of the coming of the time when we "shall see the King in His beauty"—the beauty of His character, the beauty of His works, *the beauty of His providence.* It is to this last especially that the poor, sorrow-burdened soul of earth can look with joy. How hard does the Divine providence often seem, and seldom harder than on the present occasion. And yet the time will come; His every act of providence will be seen to be glorious, in that it will be seen to have glorified God, and to have made man fit to be as a living stone in the temple of our God. In the words of Watts let us say:

"Then let our songs abound,
Let every tear be dry.
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

Address of Rev. C. T. Shaffer.

My Dear Friends:

I find myself, for several reasons, unfitted for the discharge of the duty which now devolves upon me, chief among which is the relationship which has existed for years between our bereaved brother Beckett and myself. While sitting here my mind ran back over seventeen years to the time when he and I together entered the Christian ministry in the Ohio Annual Conference. Since that time our relations have ever been of the most pleasant character, I having always considered him among my truest and most reliable friends; hence I rather feel like being there by his side than here attempting to speak.

Nevertheless, as a special train of thought has been suggested by the contents of the paper just read by Elder Coppin, I will try and make a few remarks based upon the paper and that sublime utterance of the Psalmist (116: 15): "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of *His saints*."

Death, with all we can do or say, is a sad event. There are sad phases of which it can never be divested, and so with this one; a great sorrow has fallen upon us. The force, however, of these sad phases is greatly lessened when we view the event in the light of *revealed truth* and in its relation to God, in whom we all live and move.

The Psalmist, speaking by the inspiration of the Spirit, and therefore for God, declares that in God's sight, howsoever sad it may be to us, the death of one and therefore all of His saints is a most precious event.

Death, as we have just heard, is but a sleep; hence we shall use the term death in that sense, for though the terms may not be synonymous ordinarily, in the light of Holy Writ, they may be used as convertible terms. The *precious death* is that of a saint.

Let us then inquire what are the characteristics of a saint. A saint is an individual who, by faith in Christ and true re-

pentance toward *God*, has entered into covenant relations with the Divine Master, who therefore, in life or death, trusts His grace, relying upon *Him for salvation.*

The death of such an one is precious in God's sight, first, because it is a *quiet, peaceful* one; no *fear* or *dread* of the change—no fear of the *monster, Death.* It further is a precious death, because it is *full of trust in God* and hope in *immortality.* It is even more, it is an *heroic death.* "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

I is precious, because it is an absolutely *triumphant* death. The world is under their feet, is absolutely conquered; the flesh is conquered, our doubts and fears all have been banished, cast down, and we rise on the wings of faith to the high position whence we can behold things as they are, and repeat with the Apostle: "I have fought the fight and kept the faith, and am therefore ready to be offered up." In the light of what we have heard it will be acknowledged that there is an apt illustration of this most beautiful passage.

The death of Sister Beckett was one of *peacefulness, calmness, hopefulness.* She approached death with the calm deliberation which characterized her in all her life, without pomp or parade or flourish, in simple confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, through whose grace and by whose merit she triumphed over the world, the flesh and the adversary of mortal flesh.

Hence her death, as one of God's saints, was a precious one, being full of peace, of trust, of faith, of joyous assurance and quiet resignation to the Divine Will.

We therefore, in conclusion, would say, while we can but mourn, we do not mourn as those who have no hope, for our loss is her eternal gain. To the bereaved husband and parents we would say, look up and take comfort in the thought of the preciousness of the death of Sister Beckett, your loved one, who, though her remains are here, has attained to the rest which awaits God's people. Take to yourselves the comfort of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who doeth all things well, and who will give you grace for every day.

May God bless you, and especially may He let His richest blessing rest upon these little motherless children, and may they be overshadowed by the Divine Providence and Grace of God, which is over all, and who is blessed forever more. The Lord comfort your heart, therefore, my brother, and may we each, when this life shall wind to a close, be prepared and willing to go as was your dear companion, that in that better kingdom there may be a reunion of the family and loved ones, where separation never more will come, where sickness is unknown and where joy and bliss are complete and eternal.

The Lord bless this congregation and impress this solemn lesson upon our minds, that we may all prepare to meet the monster Death at his coming, with joyous anticipation of a blessed immortality.

Address of Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coppin.

I stand before you to-day to express, in behalf of the Women's Mite Missionary Society of the A. M. E. Church, our sincere appreciation of the life and character of our dear sister and co-laborer, Mrs. Katie S. Beckett, our sincere sympathy on this sad occasion, and our deep sense of her fervent devotion to the missionary cause for more than fourteen years. She was one of that noble band that met in this church, August 11th, 1872, and founded the Women's Parent Mite Missionary Society, which, by the grace of God and the faithful devotion of such workers as she, has largely increased the usefulness of the home and foreign missionary work of the Church.

Wherever she went the missionary spirit deepened and the cause flourished. The churches now which are the most zealous in sending the Glad Tidings of Salvation to those in distant lands, and which contribute the most generously to the support of the work, are those which she established

while her husband, Rev. John Wesley Beckett, was their pastor.

Mrs. Beckett was educated in this city at the Institute for Colored Youth. She was sent to this school when a very little girl, and came up under the instruction of that faithful teacher of precious memory, Mrs. Sarah M. Douglass. Those who knew Mrs. Douglass will remember with what reverence and beauty she read the Scriptures, and little Katie learned to read them as her teacher did. How few there are who know how to read God's Holy Word with the impressiveness that is due to its sacred importance. I will here mention an instance in Katie's school life which gives the key-note to her character. It is the custom in the Institute to open school every morning with the recitation of a psalm or of Bible verses by the pupils and the reading of a chapter by the teacher.

Sometimes a pupil will give the same verses so frequently that we get to connect the pupil and those verses together. How well do I remember seeing Katie's sweet

face raised to mine while she reverently repeated one or another of these verses: "Likewise ye younger, submit yourselves to the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God that he may exalt you in due time: casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." Katie loved these verses in which obedience, reverence, humility and child-like trust shine out so conspicuously, and these were the traits which marked her character, the qualities which distinguished her through life, and which now, as precious jewels, adorn her immortal spirit.

She was graduated with honor from the High School Department of the Institute in 1872, taking the prize of Fifteen Dollars for excellence in Latin, conditional upon an examination in portions of Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Virgil and Horace. Although thus liberally educated in the classics and equally as well trained in mathematics,

through higher algebra, geometry and trigonometry, yet no one ever knew her to make any parade of what she knew. She was as unassuming as a little child. The simplicity of her character was reflected in her manners and in her dress. Refined taste and scrupulous neatness marked her appearance. I never saw her dressed extravagantly or gaudily. She gave evidence by her daily life that she valued above all outward apparel "the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

It might appear to some persons that the life of our dear sister has been prematurely cut off, but I see no incompleteness in such a record of opportunities well used and of duties faithfully performed, from childhood to the last days of her life. "We live in deeds, not in years, in heart-throbs, not in figures on a dial." How deep and abiding must be the consolation which this complete life gives to her dear parents. For this useful and excellent character did not develop itself unaided. It was the

patient and careful training, the wise guidance, the upright example of her revered father, Bishop Campbell, and of her faithful foster-mother, Mary Campbell, that so influenced little Katie that she became, as it were, "planted in the house of the Lord," and as she grew to womanhood she increased more and more in knowledge and in goodness, until she came into His heavenly kingdom. Her love of the Scriptures and her zeal in the missionary cause were imbibed from her father, Bishop Campbell, just as in womanly character she seemed to me to be the counterpart of her foster-mother.

To John Wesley Beckett, her devoted husband, she left a precious legacy in her dying testimony to his Christian character, and in her inspiring words, "Hold up the Standard of the Cross, hold it high!" Imperishable and never-to-be-forgotten words!

Overwhelmed with the suddenness of the loss, and filled with sorrow at the sight of her motherless little ones, I yet say to-day to parents, husband and all who mourn:

"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seems to us but sad funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps."

Now, what is the lesson which a contemplation of the life of this dear one impresses upon us? Here was a character singularly free from any kind of assumed importance, from false pride, from personal vanity and from worldly self-seeking. Therefore in due time our Lord has highly exalted her. The tributes of respect shown here to-day by nearly three thousand persons are not those formal observances which are due to position and power, for Katie held no public position nor did she possess what are called "brilliant talents," but with singleness of purpose and in the beauty of humility she did her plain duty day by day in her family, in her church, in

her society. She served the Mite Missionary Society as President, and lately as Recording Secretary. The last evidence of her faithfulness was the carefully written-out minutes of the last quarterly meeting of the Parent Mite Society which she attended before her death; and this work must have been done in great weariness, for she was even then far from well.

There is, I doubt not, many a mother sitting before me to day who is quietly doing her duty, often in weariness and perplexity of spirit, who yet thinks that she is accomplishing nothing. But the greatest forces of nature operate silently and out of sight. "Who does the best his circumstance allows, does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more." No one should be discouraged then because the real measure of her character is not known, and her faithfulness and self-denial seem unappreciated. Very few persons knew what a woman Katie was until she died. The great artist chisels his statues under the curtain of mortal vestments, and it is not

until death unveils the character that we see the beauty wrought by the Master hand.

I fear that many people will lose heaven, because they cannot do without worldly honor and the praise of men. Katie sought neither, and for that reason she has obtained the imperishable honor that fadeth not away. No harassing care as to what might become of her little children disturbed the peace of her last moments. Comforted and sustained by the verses which she loved and had so often repeated, she was able to cast all her care upon Him, who she knew cared for her. Thus by aiming to be good, Katie could not help doing good; and her influence became like that of the sun, steady, noiseless, powerful.

Those hands now calmly folded in death, have ceased from their labors of love and duty. But the example of an upright life can never die. It becomes a living force, which, through the ages to come, will continue to inspire others to a more faithful use of opportunities, and to higher endeavor in the Christian life.

Resolutions of the Churches.

BETHEL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA,

February 3d, 1888.

At the meeting of the Official Members held on the above date, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the exercise of Divine clemency and mercy various states and conditions are meted out to humanity, some are allotted length of days; others, to an early grave, but each fills his probation; and

WHEREAS, We are well assured by Him who cannot err, that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our Heavenly Father's notice; and

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him in whose hands are all our destinies to remove from our midst and from the side of our very excellent pastor his most pious, amiable and inestimable wife to an endless habitation beyond the grave; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we condole our brother's loss, and drop a tear of sympathy with him and the little ones bereft of a mother's care, yet we rejoice in the full assurance that our dear sister and friend, Katie S. Beckett, is

> "Safe in the arms of Jesus,
> Safe on His gentle breast,
> There by His love o'ershadowed,
> Sweetly her soul shall rest."

And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be tendered the pastor and his bereaved family, as a token of our sympathy and respect.

REV. JOSIAH EDDY,
BRO. PARKER T. SMITH,
WM. T. RAIKES,
SOLOMON BRIGHT,
AUGUSTINE J. DUNN,
Committee.

PARKER T. SMITH, *Secretary.*

The following was passed by the Sunday-school of Allen Chapel:

WHEREAS, With deep regret we have

learned of the death of our beloved sister, Katie S. Beckett; and

WHEREAS, We remember with delight that she was one of the original twelve members of Allen Chapel, and a member of and teacher in the Sunday-school, and its first Secretary, therefore

Resolved, By the Sunday-school now in session, that while we bow with Christian submission to the Divine visitation, we feel keenly the loss of a life so precious, so exemplary and so full of good works.

Resolved, That we enter heartily into sympathy with her bereaved husband and children and her aged father and mother, commending them to the grace of God, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to her husband, and also one to her father.

February 5th, 1888.

ALLEN CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

L. J. COPPIN, *Pastor*

JOHN H. PARKER, *Superintendent.*

From Bethel Church, Wilmington, Del.:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His all-wise Providence, to take from us by the hand of death Sister Katie S. Beckett, the wife of our esteemed ex-pastor, Rev. J. W Beckett, we bow with humble submission to the will of Him who "doeth all things well." Having known Sister Beckett while in our midst as being a pious, Christian worker in the Church, a kind and loving mother and an affectionate wife, indeed too much cannot be said of her Christian virtues; therefore

Resolved, That we, the officers, members, Sabbath-school and congregation of Bethel A. M. E. Church, of Wilmington, Del., tender our love and sympathy to the bereaved family.

Resolved, That we further extend them to the Rt. Rev. Bishop J. P Campbell, D.D., and family for the loss of their much-beloved daughter, who, it is the sense of this body, now sleepeth in the bosom of God. We commend, therefore, the residue of the family to His holy keeping.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, also that they be spread upon the

minute books of the Boards and published in the *Christian Recorder* and daily papers of Wilmington, Del.

Signed,

D. P HAMILTON,
D. A. JACKSON,
J. W RAIKES,
MRS. M. E. CARTY,
MRS. M. E. MILLER,
MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

REV. G. W BRODIE, *Pastor.*

W T. STERLING, *Secretary.*

Wilmington, Del.

The following resolutions were passed by the Philadelphia Preachers' Meeting of the A. M. E. Church:

WHEREAS, The Sovereign Ruler of the universe, who doeth all things well, hath removed from our midst by the hand of death our esteemed and beloved Sister, Katie S. Beckett, wife of our respected co-laborer in the vineyard of Christ, Rev. John W Beckett; and

WHEREAS, Sister Katie S. Beckett was a

fond and loving mother as well as a kind and affectionate wife, and an untiring Christian worker; therefore

Resolved, That the Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia and vicinity tender our brother, Rev. John W. Beckett, our heartfelt sympathy in his sad bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That the sympathy of this Preachers' Meeting is hereby tendered to our venerable father in God, Rt. Rev. J. P Campbell, D.D.

J. B. STANSBERRY, *Chairman*,
J. H. MORGAN,
GEO. M. WITTEN,
L. J. COPPIN, *Secretary*,
Committee.

Memorial Meeting.

It was agreed by the ladies of the Parent Mite Missionary Society to hold a Memorial Meeting in commemoration of the life and labors of their two deceased members, Mrs. Lydia Wears and Mrs. Kate S. Beckett. Allen Chapel was selected as the place, and Sunday evening, March 4th, as the time for holding said meeting. The church was crowded beyond seating capacity, and the meeting from beginning to end was unusually interesting. It is often, if not generally, the case that upon such occasions the time is spent in delivering extravagant eulogies upon the deceased and in reading complimentary resolutions. But this meeting had nobler aims, hence it took a different shape.

The President, in her introductory remarks, brought before the audience in a

clear and impressive manner the work and claims of the Society; gave a brief history of its work in the island of Hayti and San Domingo; told how the missionary cause languished there till the "Women's Mite Society" was organized and given charge of the work; showed what had been and what can be done by the women of the Church, and how both of their deceased sisters found some time for service in this direction, even amid their household duties which they so well performed; urged the Church to place a proper value upon its women, to encourage and bring them to the front, but to be careful and not work them too hard; spoke of the value of the work done in a quiet way by unpretending persons who were scarcely known to the public; exhorted that due appreciation be had for those who faithfully labor at home in their families, which labor results in the general good of all.

The singing consisted of choice selections rendered by the choir of Allen Chapel, "Who are these in bright array,"

a quartette from Bethel Church, Wilmington, Del., "One sweet, solemn thought," and by the Maston Family, of Philadelphia, "Nearer my God to Thee," as arranged by Edwin Hill.

The following paper was read by Rev. C. C. Felts, M.D.:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am invited to do a service this evening in which honor I would rejoice could I, in a becoming measure, satisfy even myself that I had expressed my deep feelings upon this occasion, and those feelings were representative of those to and for whom I speak; I assure you, however, I highly appreciate the opportunity of casting in my mite of honor due the departed, whose almost glorious memory we are here to-night to echo along the line of mortality. The spirits of the immortal Maria Shorter, Julia Knight, Lydia C. Wears, Mary Ella Mossell and Katie Campbell Beckett are as really present to inspire the occasion as

was the sepulchre of David present in Palestine with the Apostles one thousand years after he had fallen asleep and been gathered to his fathers. While the Lord had buried the mortal remains of Moses, and the mantle of Elijah had imparted resurrecting power to the dry bones of Elisha, Peter, James and John testify that Moses and Elijah appeared in company with Jesus on the occasion of the Transfiguration. Now if these useful souls were not asleep, why think once that the precious memories of this occasion are in an unconscious state of rest? No. While their bodies are resting or sleeping in the dust, their spirits are rejoicing in the redeeming love of Christ, and the progress of the work of love and mercy in which their hands were engaged for the uplifting of humanity when with you in body.

The missionary records of the African M. E. Church will show not only the place of this Society in the great foreign fields of mission work, especially in Hayti and Africa, but will show the individual and

faithful positions that these noble women have held since their organization, in Philadelphia, August 11th, 1874.

The more intimate relations of Mrs. Wears and Katie Beckett, belonging to the Executive Board of this Society since its organization, make their absence the more sadly felt in your meetings, and yet, as we have intimated, though absent they are present. Though their voices are silent, their vacant seats speak the noble sentiments of devoted missionaries, saying, Sisters, we are unable to go as foreign missionaries to the heathen, but we will do what we can; we will give and support those who can and will go; we will even do better, we will give our sons and daughters to this, the noblest work of human life. The reserve force which many persons have is far more powerful in even the sharpest conflicts of life, in carrying out great purposes, than the booming racket attending the ostentatious and affecting workers in the Master's vineyard. The wise can see a forcible and logical

course of argument in a look; a word in the right place is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" "Thou God seest me," can refer to the helping agency of mortals. A simple look from the Master brought Peter to repentance for his denial of his Saviour in a trying hour.

The envied reputation of Mr. Wears as a philosopher, unequaled debater and politician in an honest sense, does not come to him by chance, but that good helpmeet did her part in making him great; but few men become great without the assistant element of greatness of their wives. Perhaps not so much noticed outside of the household, yet the holy influence of Sister Wears, as seen and felt in this Society, may interpret the secret power in that representative family.

Laura C. Holloway, finding a great man the offspring of a miserable dwarf in intellect and morals on the father's side, quotes physiologists that the child gets its intellectual and moral powers from its mother and its physical from its father; but when

she sees Cornelia sacrificing to the Roman mob in the Senate two sons of the best blood and highest order of intellect, in an effort against land monopoly and autocratic tyranny over and against the poor citizen, she remembers that that great soul and mind came from Scipio Africanus, her father.

One said to Bishop Campbell, "You are acquainted with the Bible?" Said he, "I have lived there fifty years, night and day." No marvel then that we have so amiable a daughter, noble, self-sacrificing and devoted wife and mother in little Katie Campbell Beckett.

But the best seed sprouted in the best soil must produce inferior fruits without the skillful hand of the cultivator; noxious weeds will absorb the strength of the soil; contrary winds will warp and twist the stems, and the blighted fruits will fail to satisfy. Need I refer to the first President and present Treasurer of this Society as the wise and prudent woman to give domestic training, and choosing the proper

school teachers, to make the model preacher's wife in the range of our acquaintance?

Brother John! Nearly twenty years ago we met at Wilberforce University as students for the ministry; we were ordained at the same time; I was present at your wedding, in 1876, since which time I have often looked in on you and Katie, and thought I saw a counterpart of the needed elements in you two for a brilliant success in the A. M. E. Church ministry. The one full of the spirit of a true war-horse, pawing in the valley for the battle of the Lord, yet curbed and directed by the check-reins of thoughtful consideration by the other; quick and impetuous almost to imprudence, yet not uncontrolled by the gentle spirit, loving, yet firm words of the other. From her parting words to you I am reminded of what Kadijah was to Mohamet; when no one would believe his prophecies and follow his instructions she stood by him, encouraged him to believe what he was teaching was true, and from that never depart. May Jesus take her place in your heart and life.

Knowing of the faithfulness of this Society as I do, in their work in Hayti and Africa, I would not hesitate to accept of an appointment in either field. I believe those dear departed ones, could they, would unite with you in sending a petition to the forthcoming General Conference to have a Bishop make his home in Africa and one in Hayti the next quadrennium. I believe they would unite, could they, with you in sending your gifted President or tried Corresponding Secretary to London, in June, to there be represented in the World's Missionary Convention.

I trust I may be pardoned for taxing your time and attention, as others are to speak; but allow me once more to refer to that galaxy of mortal fame, saints of the heavenly rest, Maria Shorter, Lydia C. Wears. Taken in a ripe age of womanhood, they have left upon their monuments for us traits of character, the best gifts of a Nation's glory or a Church's usefulness, the elements of model Christian mothers. Julia A. Knight, Mary Ella Mossell and

Katie Beckett, sisters in looks, education and refinement, with native abilities towering above their sisters, and linked together in this missionary work, they leave an immortal picture on our memories that will shine brighter and brighter as time may focalize the rays of the beautiful, the lovely and the good.

As Diana Triformes represented the colossal strength of female beauty and influence in Greece, may not the triune graces of these representatives form the Triformes of the missionary spirit of the women of the African M. E. Church upon the great Atlantic of Time, with a face looking toward the conversion and refinement of America, a face looking toward the redemption of the isles of the sea to Christ, and a facing looking toward the ultimate triumph of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in the dark continent of Africa, our fatherland.

The following resolutions were read by Mrs. Alice Felts, ex-Secretary of the Women's Parent Mite Society :

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26th, 1888.

In calling over the roll of membership at the last quarterly meeting of the Women's Mite Missionary Society of the A. M. E. Church, February 7th, 1888, we find two of our members gone, not to meet with us again in this life. One of them, Sister Lydia A. Wears, having been a member of the Executive Board since its organization in 1874, was removed in great peace, Jan. 13th, full of years, like a shock of ripe corn, gathered into the Master's garner, to that rest that remains for the people of God. And the other name, that of our Recording Secretary, Sister Katie S. Beckett, cut off almost in the bloom of youth, in the days of hopeful motherhood, taken, as it were, from "the evil to come," to be sheltered in that house not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. Therefore, while we bow tearfully, yet not without hope, and

prayerfully for submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, yet be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Women's Mite Missionary Society, have lost two faithful and true members, in regard to their presence, their means and their sympathy, not only in this Society, but throughout the entire missionary work.

Resolved, That though we mourn their loss, we will not cease our efforts or slack our zeal in the cause in which they, with us, were interested, but will follow in their footsteps, believing that the path of the just is as a shining light, that grows brighter to the perfect day. And be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved families, that of the Rev. Isaiah Wears and Rev. J. W Beckett, with the aged parents, our sympathy in these their hours of trouble, remembering with them, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Testimony of her Husband.

My Dear Brother Coppin:

Your letter requesting me to give a brief synopsis of the character of my beloved wife is received. It is with feelings of deep sorrow that I write, and am yet somewhat unprepared to render a satisfactory tribute. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with that modest and inestimable young lady, Miss Katie S. Campbell, November 9th, 1873, and on November 9th, 1876, three years to the very date of our introduction, we clasped hands in wedlock, promising to pursue life's journey together "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part." While there was nothing ostentatious which might cause attention, yet her quiet, unassuming, unpretentious manner made her many admirers.

After our marriage we went to our appointment, Hagerstown, Md., where the congregation and friends cordially welcomed us to the Parsonage, which had been renovated for our reception. Mrs. Katie Stella Campbell Beckett very unceremoniously took charge of her household affairs, and I found her in every respect a helpmeet, a model preacher's wife. It seems that our Heavenly Father had her trained for such a relation, and then guided me in making choice of her as a companion with whom she was to end her days. She was loyal to every vow and womanly virtue. She was peculiarly endowed with great tenderness of heart, a sweet temper and remarkable patience. She willingly accepted the change in life, and true to her vows began and continued to make home happy even at the sacrificing of some desired pleasure. Never did she utter an impatient word, even though at times it was deserving; but she would rather suffer an injury than to offend or displease. Because of her quiet disposition and tenderness of heart

she could be easily imposed upon by those around her.

The household duties were performed with the greatest care and patience, exhibiting each day that self-abnegating spirit of living to please others. Never was she too tired, nor any task too burdensome for her to perform for the happiness and comfort of the family. She never indulged in extravagant epithets, frivolous or uncharitable conversation, but from a pure, tender and loving heart proceeded chaste, soft, kind and loving words. Her daily life was a constant testimony of that faith and trust which she had in Jesus; performing her duties with delight, and in obedience to the promptings of her Christian character endeavored to exemplify Jesus in all things. Having to itinerate and coming in contact with so many different dispositions caused no change in character.

It cannot be truthfully said that any disturbance was caused or any friendship severed on account of her unguarded expressions or talkativeness.

Whenever there were any misunderstandings in Church relations she was not the one to meddle; but if called to express an opinion, she would always advise to adhere to the rules by which the organization is governed. Her duty as a mother was never neglected. She endeavored in love, but with much firmness, to train the children in the paths of rectitude. As in every relation, so in this most important one did she impress upon her children the duty of obedience. At the family altar was she regularly heard offering prayer, especially for her aged parents, husband and children. Her domestic duties were so well arranged that the entire family could be found in attendance every Sabbath morning upon Divine service. We can truthfully quote the saying of the wise man, in commendation of her Christian virtues: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed;

her husband also and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." (Prov. 31: 26–31.)

Since you would have me write in respect to my beloved dead, I hope you will pardon all seemingly extravagant expression, for to me she was more than I can express or describe. These lines are written with a very, very sorrowful heart and flooded eyes, so that at times, I fear, unfortunate sentences will be written. I am trying daily to "look to Jesus" who comforts, and to our Heavenly Father who is too wise to err and too good to treat us unkindly.

Bishop and Mrs. Campbell lose a loving and dutiful daughter. I lose a kind, loving and affectionate wife. My children lose a kind, loving, tender and affectionate mother; but our loss is her everlasting gain.

Lose! No, she is not lost, for the children speak of her as being in Heaven. Campbell, my oldest child, ten years of age, on awakening from sleep the first morning after her death, said: "Papa, what did you dream last night?" "I did not dream anything. What did you dream, Campbell?" "I dreamed that I saw many angels and mamma standing in the midst of them, and she said: 'Campbell, be a good boy and you will come where I am.'" No, dear friends, she is not dead. We can never forget her. She lives fresh in memory to-day.

As a dutiful and affectionate daughter, wife and mother she lives. Her beautiful example, her Christ-like character, her last legacy, will ever serve as a constant inspiration to us and to these children, to emulate her noble virtues, and to be more faithful to duty.

I am, your brother in affliction,

J. W BECKETT.

Letters of Condolence.

OUT of the many letters of condolence we publish a few.

REV. JOHN BECKETT, B.D.

My Dear Son:—I write to express the condolence of my heart for the loss of your dear wife, so suddenly taken from you by the hand of our Heavenly Father, who cannot err nor be unkind.

Oh! oh! oh! how sad must be your heart under such a bereavement, with seven helpless children and no mother to care for them!

But God is as good as He is wise. Doubtless He has blessings for you and for them yet to be realized in the near or distant future. Therefore cry out and say, with the noble Patriarch: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." May He be to your little ones more than a mother, and encircle them with such facilities of moral and spiritual training as will make their

intellectuality a great blessing to themselves and their race, as well as sources of comfort to you, should you live to see and to count three score years and ten.

One thing is certain, your deep affliction will enable you to enter into deeper sympathy with the afflicted ones of your flock. May the Lord bring you out of it as gold out of the crucible.

With tender love and sympathy, I am
Yours paternally

PAYNE,

206 Ashley St., La Villa.

Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 8th 1888.

REV AND DEAR BROTHER:—When I received Bishop Campbell's letter stating why he could not meet me at Washington on the day previously named, I for a moment forget my own sorrow to mourn over your great loss. A wife who had been to you a fruitful vine and yet had not reached her prime, possessed of all the traits of Christian womanhood, "her sun set while it was yet day," to rise again in indescribable splendor, in the land where the shadow is never seen.

What a noble testimony was hers! Well may we say with Mrs. Hemans:

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay
And smile at thee, but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey."

God be gracious to you and yours, and guide you, comfort you, keep you evermore.

We shall meet our loved ones in the City where the death angel never flaps his raven wings. Until then let us hope, work, wait, trust, sing and pray.

Yours in hope,

T. M. D. WARD.

REV. J. W BECKETT, B.D.

Dear Brother in Christ:—With deep sorrow we heard last night at Allen Chapel Teachers' Meeting of your great loss. As Brother Coppin told us, with tears in his eyes, we felt how impotent we are before such crushing sorrow. When under the same sorrow my sister said: "Look up, look up," she expressed the whole of what

man can do—direct the sorrowing to the dear Saviour, who in all our afflictions cares for and is afflicted with us with the deep love and sympathy He has for His own. I can only say, as the sorrow of days agone rolls afresh over my own soul: "Look up, brother, look up." Look up and you will not only see the blessed Saviour with His hands full of blessing and comfort, but will also catch a glimpse of the loved one, glorified and entranced by the view and nearness of her blessed Jesus, "Like *Him*," for she sees Him eye to eye. O let the thought of her everlasting blessedness comfort your bleeding heart, and *let* the blessed Saviour fill the void her loss has created, for that (I need not remind you) He desires to do, and He *will* do it (see 2 Cor. 1: 2–4).

Yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,

H. S. ELLIS,
1235 N. 13th St.

Philadelphia, March 2d, 1888.

P.S.—Please remember me with words of sympathy to Bishop and Mrs. Campbell.

REV. J. W BECKETT.

Dear Brother:—Words are inadequate to express the sorrow and sympathy I would express for you in this your hour of

affliction, and I know that words could not lessen your sorrow.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth." I can only say: Take comfort in this thought, you can meet again. I commend you to the God who says: "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver you;" and who does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, and who comforts His children, though He tries them.

From labor to reward she has gone; and while I cannot say, do not sorrow, yet I pray God to strengthen you and help you from your heart to say: "Thy will be done."

That God may keep you and your little ones closely united and direct your every movement shall be my prayer.

Yours, in deepest symyathy,

M. E. C. ROBINSON.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 6th, 1888.

Her Productions and Selections.

SOME ONE has said: "Tell me what a person likes, and I will tell you what he is." Accordingly, I have thought it would be of interest to the reader to have some selections from Mrs. Beckett's note book where she has carefully written down choice utterances of thoughtful and good people. In some cases she has given her reason for preserving them. Here is a case in point, and I quote her own words. "Extracts from Madame Swetchine's life and letters. Madame Swetchine was a woman of extraordinary talent, had a strong mind and was highly educated and accomplished. She read and studied much; but in the midst of her literary pursuits she devoted much time to searching out and relieving the poor. I have just finished her life and

letters, and was particularly pleased with the perusal of them. I think some of her extracts well worth preserving. February 6th, 1873. K. S. C."

Then she proceeds to give the following:

"Perfection easily endures the imperfections of others. God lets remain in the most advanced souls certain weaknesses disproportionate to their high estate. As they leave mounds of earth which they call landmarks in a piece of ground which has been leveled to show how deep the work of man's hands has gone, so God leaves in great souls landmarks or remnants of the wretchedness He has removed."

Then follow extracts from various authors, such as:

"The soul has no secret which the conduct does not reveal."—CHINESE

"If I have made out a case for science it gives me the right to demand silence when I speak of religion."—LIEBNITZ.

"When any one has offended me I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it."—DESCARTES.

"It is of no use to be angry with things; for our wrath cannot harm them in the least."—MARCUS AURELIUS.

"Before God can deliver us from ourselves, we must undeceive ourselves."—SAINT AUGUSTINE.

"Doubt is always ignorance."

"To take up half, and half on trust to try, name it not faith, but bungling bigotry."

Prudent suggestions for those who would hold intercourse about Divine things by St. Gregory de Nuzianze:

"Not that we should not always think of God: we should think of Him oftener than we breathe; but we must speak of Him only at suitable times."

"True faith is never shaken."

"Prejudice sees not clearly; but aversion sees not at all."—ST. ISADORE TO ST. CYRIL.

"Truth is only developed in the hour of need; time and not man discovers it."—BONALD.

"Always to begin by doing that which costs me most, unless the easier duty is a pressing one."

"To examine, classify and determine at night the work of the morrow; to arrange things in the order of their importance, act accordingly."

"To dread above all things bitterness and irritation, to shun display in all things. Never to say, or indirectly to recall, anything to my own advantage. Never to be pleased with anything I say myself, nor to press my point. To withhold striking remarks."

"God blesses man not for finding, but for seeking."

"To pay too much attention to the number and variety of my sufferings, this is a servile weakness, a softening of the will."

Having given the above quotations from "Bonald's" pocket diary, she makes the following comment:

"This distinguished lady, although a Roman Catholic, shows forth in her character and writings a humble Christian spirit. She seemed to be untrammeled by the image and saint worship of that Church; all her thoughts seeming to tend toward her Maker."

There are many more selections in her note book equally as indicative of her turn of mind as those given. Among others is her estimate of the "Memoirs of Agnes Jones," by her sister. This work shows how a devoted Christian woman gave much time to the work of relieving the poor, and yet did not neglect her home duties. Now is it not interesting to re-remember that the selfsame testimony is given of her by those who knew her best?

The note book closes with the following:

"Oh! never in these vails of shame
Sad fruits of sin my glory be!
Clothe with salvation through Thy name
My soul, and let me put on Thee!
Be living faith my earthy dress,
And my best robe Thy righteousness

Send down Thy likeness from above
And let this my adorning be!
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold or pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star."

I have obtained a number of essays that were written by her before she attained her senior year in the high school, and I have selected the following four for publication:

I. "Leisure Moments."
II. "Sweet are the Uses of Adversity."
III. "Forms of Government."
IV. "The Slave Ship of 1619, and the Pilgrim Ship of 1620."

I. Leisure Moments.

Much might be done that remains undone; much learned of which we are ignorant, because we do not employ our leisure moments. We think that because we have only a few moments nothing of account can be done, and allow them to slip by unemployed.

If every moment that is wasted was employed we would be astonished, in a short time, to find how much we had accomplished. All that is necessary is for us to make up our minds to a thing, begin it, and then keep to it.

If a person should read for fifteen minutes each day, at the rate of six pages, leaving out Sunday, this would amount to one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two pages in one year, or nearly five volumes of four hundred pages each. How much information a person could gain who should pursue such a course, if he read such books as he could gain instruction from. But if he spent that time in reading

trashy novels his time would be wasted, and his mind, instead of being strengthened and improved, would be weakened and left barren as before.

Care, then, is necessary that we may employ our time in a profitable manner. A person physically weak to gain strength would not eat sweetmeats, discarding solid food; if he did, instead of gaining strength he would increase in weakness. So with the mind. If a person wishes to gain mental strength, he must take solid mental food; otherwise he will lose instead of gain. Our time is profitably employed only when we are gaining something mentally.

II. Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.

In this world of care and sorrow, where we are constantly meeting with unpleasant events, it is comforting to know that even in adversity the end will be sweet.

Sometimes afflictions are necessary that we may be brought to consider our duty.

David says: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes." Now David was a good man, as we all know, but like all human beings he was apt to neglect duty sometimes, and then he felt that afflictions were useful to bring him back to the right way. If men could look at afflictions rightly they would not so often complain. Some author has very happily explained this in the following lines:

"God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But we would do ourselves, if we could see
The end of all He does as well as He."

A person perhaps strays far out of the right way, heedless of all good advice, shunning the company of those who are trying to do right, and even turning a deaf ear to the voice of the inward monitor; he goes on further and further into wickedness, until his wild career is suddenly ended by some dreadful accident, and he is brought to consider his ways, and is gradually brought back to a sense of his duty, to

God, to himself and to his fellow-man, and his life is perhaps entirely changed for the better.

Those who are good are made better by adversity, just as gold is purified and refined by being exposed to the heat of a furnace. I have read an incident which very nicely illustrates this; the substance of it is this:

On a small rocky island, some distance from land, lives an old lady, and her house is called the "lighthouse," because she always puts a light in her window every night, that ships coming that way may shun the rocks. This she does of her own free will, without any payment whatever; and if ships are wrecked, she never rests until the poor mariners are all safe under her hospitable roof, where she shares with them her humble fare. This woman's great care for mariners was mainly due to the fact that in her younger days she had seen her husband swallowed up by the angry waves just in sight of home and friends; so ever after that she directed her benevolence in this way.

What a remarkable instance of the sweet use of adversity! If this poor woman had not lost the friend nearest to her on earth in this way, she would probably never have thought of making herself the instrument of saving the lives of poor sailors, and many a poor man, who through her has been restored to family and friends, might have been doomed to a watery grave.

III. Forms of Government.

Government is simply the exercise of power by one person or by many associated persons.

The Bible says, government is ordained of God, and believing this we cannot doubt that it is of great utility, without it life and property would not be safe one hour; if there were no laws to punish murder numbers of innocent persons would daily be hurried out of existence, the victims of anger, revenge, malice and many other evils that prevail in the human heart.

So of robbery and many other crimes; although they are not altogether prevented, and we are often startled by the seeming increase of crime, yet the restraint of wholesome laws decreases their number and the enormity of them.

Not only does government protect the life and property of its citizens at home, but in foreign countries the hand of government follows to protect them from the injuries or insults which they may receive from strangers. There is no civilized country on the globe where the United States could not protect its citizens.

With the four forms of government all are too well acquainted to need an elaborate description here; the first form, the patriarchal, every one understands; the other forms sufficiently define themselves; first, monarchy—from *monos*, one, and *archio*, to rule—meaning one ruling or ruled by one; aristocracy—from *aristos*, the best, and *krater*, to govern—the best governing; democracy—from *demos*, the people, and *krater*, to govern—government by the people.

There are two kinds of monarchies, despotic and constitutional. In a despotic government there is no restraint upon the emperor's will, except so far as he is led, either from kindness or fear, to modify the unlimited power of which he is possessed and adapt his rule more to the wishes of the people. The most powerful despotism in Europe is that of Russia, which, in consequence of ancestral right, is governed by a monarch, the Czar.

A constitutional monarchy is a legal and fixed compact between the monarch and his subjects, providing for the observance of the just rights of both ; this compels the monarch to yield, in some respects, to the opinions and wants of the people.

Of the four forms of government we consider the republican the best, yet we would not selfishly put our government before all others ; other governments may suit the countries in which they exist as well as the republican does our country. An American writer has said: "The best form of government is that which promotes

justice and the public prosperity." A government which would succeed in a highly civilized and enlightened country might be of little use in a country that is uncivilized and whose inhabitants are ignorant. Chambers, in his article on government, says: "A difference in the kind as well as the degree of civilization of two different nations can render the government which works well in one country impracticable in the other."

The feudal forms of government in Europe during the Middle Ages—the hierarchy of Thibet or Ancient Egypt and the monarchy of Charlemagne—have all been, in turn, the best for the particular tribes subject to them at the particular period.

An aristocracy affects only a few who have wealth and influence, and in their hands all the wealth and power of the country are concentrated, and property and titles are hereditary. It is not considered necessary that the common people be educated. Brawn, not Brain, is what is required of them. Their laws are made for them; they have but to obey.

Democratic governments, on the other hand, promote the interest of the greater number of the inhabitants of a country, irrespective of birth or wealth. America best represents a democracy. De Tocqueville says: "If there be a country in the world where the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people can be fairly appreciated, where it can be studied in its application to the affairs of society, and where its advantages may be judged, that country is assuredly America."

Here, however obscure may be a man's birth, yet if he be industrious and enterprising he may, by constant application, gradually rise to the highest position in the nation.

In a republic, in view of the changing circumstances of the people, it is considered necessary that all should be educated; this idea of the sovereignty of the people and the necessity of their intelligence gives rise to the splendid system of free schools which exists in America.

"In this country we have no titled nobil-

ity; every honest man is a nobleman. Intelligence, integrity and industry are the steps to position and wealth, and these the son of the poor man may walk up, or the son of the rich man may walk down."

IV The Slave Ship of 1619, and the Pilgrim Ship of 1620.

In the year 1619, more than a century after the last vestiges of hereditary slavery had disappeared from English society and from the constitution of England, and six years after the commons of France had petitioned for the emancipation of every slave in every fief, a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James River and landed twenty Africans for sale, who had been stolen from the coast of Guinea.

Slavery, when first introduced into Virginia, was discouraged by colonial legislation, and to prevent its increase, a special tax was levied on female slaves. But laborers were necessary and the planters

soon found the slaves to be of great use to them, and as the country became more and more thickly settled labor increased, until individual necessity counteracted colonial legislation, and slavery became one of the institutions of America. Having thus briefly traced the origin of American slavery, we now turn to the progress of liberty in our land.

On the 22d of December, 1620, a little more than a year after the arrival of the first slave ship, the "Mayflower" landed with a little band of Pilgrims, who had left their native land and come to a new and strange country that they might have the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

Great were the sufferings of the Pilgrims. On the bleak shore of a barren wilderness, in the midst of desolation, with no shelter from the blasts of winter which were howling around them, and surrounded with the most appalling dangers, the Pilgrims laid the foundation of that religious and political liberty upon which the Nation is built.

"These were the men who produced a greater revolution in the world than Columbus. He, in seeking for India, discovered America. They, in pursuit of religious freedom, established civil liberty, and meaning only to found a church, gave birth to a Nation."

The Pilgrims were the most remarkable men that the world has ever produced. They were men of limited attainments and were outcasts from their native land; but they came not trusting in their own strength, but in the arm of God, and patient in suffering, despising danger, and animated with hope, brought with them a form of Christianity which is styled a Democratic and Republican religion.

The 'Mayflower' on New England's coast
Has furled her tattered sail,
And through her chafed and moaning shrouds
December's breezes wail;
Yet on that icy deck, behold
A meek but dauntless band,
Who for the right to worship God
Have left their native land,

And to this dreary wilderness,
This glorious boon they bring—
A church without a bishop,
And a State without a king.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth must not be confounded with the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. The principles and practices of these two parties differed essentially. The Pilgrims, of humbler rank and longer removed from the scene of controversy in England, were far more tolerant than the Puritans and more catholic, allowing a wider scope of opinion both in temporal and spiritual matters. They refused to be parties to the cruelties practiced against the Friends on their arrival in America, nor did they run into some other excesses which are by no means an honor to the early history of Massachusetts.

Let us consider the result of the landing of these two ships. Two civilizations have sprung from them hostile the one to the other; yet no one could doubt from the first which would ultimately triumph. The one encouraged free labor and democratic

institutions, the other frowned down free labor and suppressed freedom of opinion. The one bestowed honor and courtesy on the few, the other honored all men equally. The one made ignorance impossible, the other made knowledge criminal.

De Tocqueville says that he can prove that the great difference of civilization between the North and South has been caused by slavery. The last degraded labor and lived on the unpaid and compulsory labor of the slave.

Such a civilization had within it the seeds of organic disease and inevitable death. By the other, labor was made a part of Christian duty and was fraught with the skill, energy and diligence, which freedom alone and a vital interest in the work can lend to the arm of the laborer.

The civilization of the North was based upon a broad and enduring foundation of Christian principles. It recognizes the equality of man politically, the universality of suffrage, the existence of a mighty uniform class, with equal intelligence univers-

ally diffused, and the stake which almost every man possesses in the progress of the country and the stability of the government.

An early Pilgrim governor said, as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light kindled here may in some sort shine even to the whole nation. And it has shone—it shone through the dark days of the Revolution, when the nation struggled to free itself from the British yoke; it shone, though dimly, through all the long gloomy years when the sound of the lash and the cries of the slave filled our land and "were entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth;" it shone through the dark days of the Rebellion, when the Nation struggled fiercely with the hydra-headed monster, and it guided the "Ship of State" safely over the billows of war into the harbor of peace, and now the dim light breaks into a flood of glorious light which envelops our land from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf. And since the highest and completest efforts of the Nation rest

upon the intelligence and spiritual devotion of the people, it follows that a civilization which recognizes the infinite value of the soul, the freedom, equality and brotherhood of all men, is the most precious possession which the world holds or the future can inherit.

Addenda.

Biographical Study.

BIOGRAPHY (Greek βιος, life, and γράφω, I write) is the history of the life and character of a person. The history of the world, then, is a biography upon a large scale. There is a story of a man who became dissatisfied on account of the constant flow of machinery into the market, by the use of which unskilled labor was being fairly driven to the wall; but finally a thought occurred to him that offered some comfort, and so he exclaimed: "Well, they may invent as many machines as they please, but one thing is certain, they will have to employ men to run them." How true that is! It is man and not machinery that manages the affairs of this world.

Whatever period of the world's history

we study, it is, in fact, the lives and accomplishment of men that we are studying. Biography, therefore, is the most important of all studies, as it lies at the very foundation of all others. Whether it be religious or secular history that we read, it is not enough simply to ascertain that this or that sentiment obtained, but in order to an intelligent understanding we must study the lives of the people of the particular age in question, and especially the lives of the men and women who were foremost in their day. Who, that does not know Mahomet, can know Mahometanism? As much can be said of the founders and principal adherents of all the great religions of the world, and especially so of Christianity. Church history is made up of the lives and views of men at different periods. All formula passed through the polemic crucible and took its final shape after the views of different men representing different phases of religious thought.

In secular history, men and women

stand out like milestones and monuments. Whether they be crowned heads, titled noblemen or democratic electors; whether they be sailors, soldiers or statesmen, poets, satirists or historians, all, who by their influence have shaped the destiny of mankind, become the embodiment of secular history.

In a manner peculiar to itself, the history of Methodism is the history of men and women. Daniel's illustrated history of Methodism begins as follows: "The history of Methodism opens in the latter part of the year 1729 at the University of Oxford, England, where four young men, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Robert Kirkham and William Morgan, had banded themselves together for mutual assistance, both in scholarship and piety." Those four persons did not even dream that they were founding a religious sect that was destined to vie with the great religious bodies of the world for purity of doctrine and life, for religious literature, and for numbers of adherents and communicants. But this was

the grain of mustard seed that soon grew into a mighty tree, under the boughs of which millions find shelter. Within a comparatively short time, John Wesley, the founder, was bold enough to say: "The world is my parish." But the historian in question does not consider himself ready to enter fully into a discussion of the progress and development of this great missionary Church, till he calls our attention to the fact that this movement began in the reign of George II. The character of the ruler and the predominant spirit of the age would naturally have much to do with the progress of a religious movement that was out of harmony with the established Church. The first thing that thoughtful people would be likely to ask would be, "Whence the need of this departure?" Hence, unless this was made known by the historian, future generations would ask the question but in vain. As an apology for the movement, Mr. Daniel's makes the following statement concerning the king in whose reign Methodism was born: "In

those days it was not the fashion of kings to practice the Christian virtues; indeed, the almost universal profligacy of royal courts would indicate that it was regarded as the high prerogative of kings and princes to break all the ten commandments; and the more frequently they did so, the more did they display their dignity and royal power, since nothing could be a greater proof of royalty than a fearless disobedience of the law of God."

Reaching back, to show the growth of profligacy on the one hand, and the efforts at reformation on the other, the writer introduces us to such names as Luther, Henry VIII, Oliver Cromwell, Queens Mary and Elizabeth, Bishop Burnett, and a host of Christian martyrs.

The history of *American Methodism* is also introduced by the names of such persons as Philip Embury, Paul Heck, Barbara Heck, and a number of others more or less prominent in Methodist history.

And what shall we say for African Methodism? Substantially what has been said

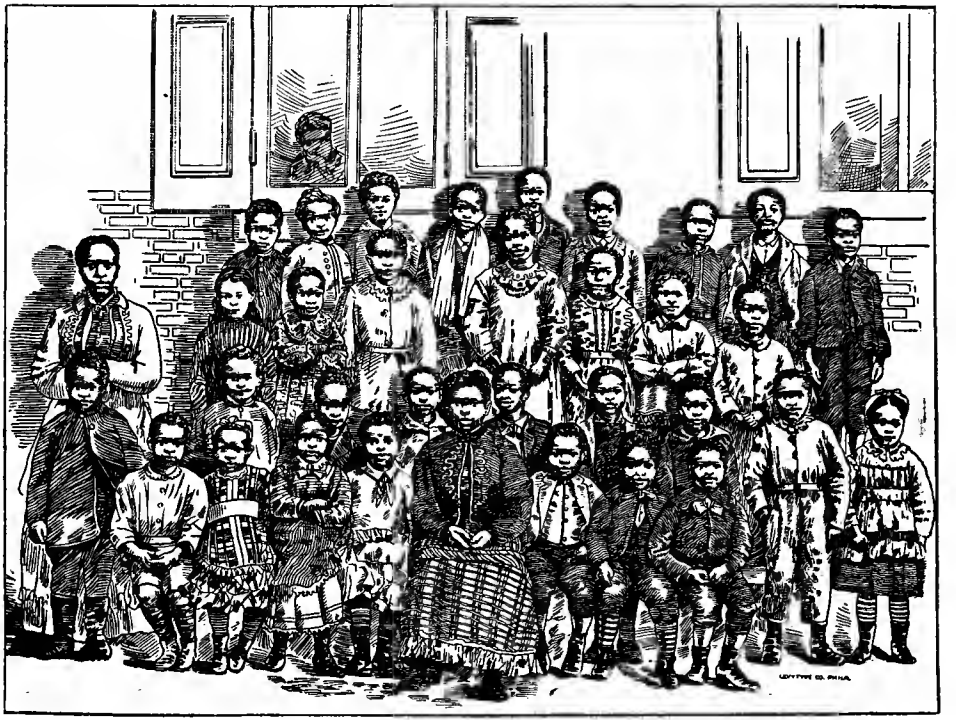
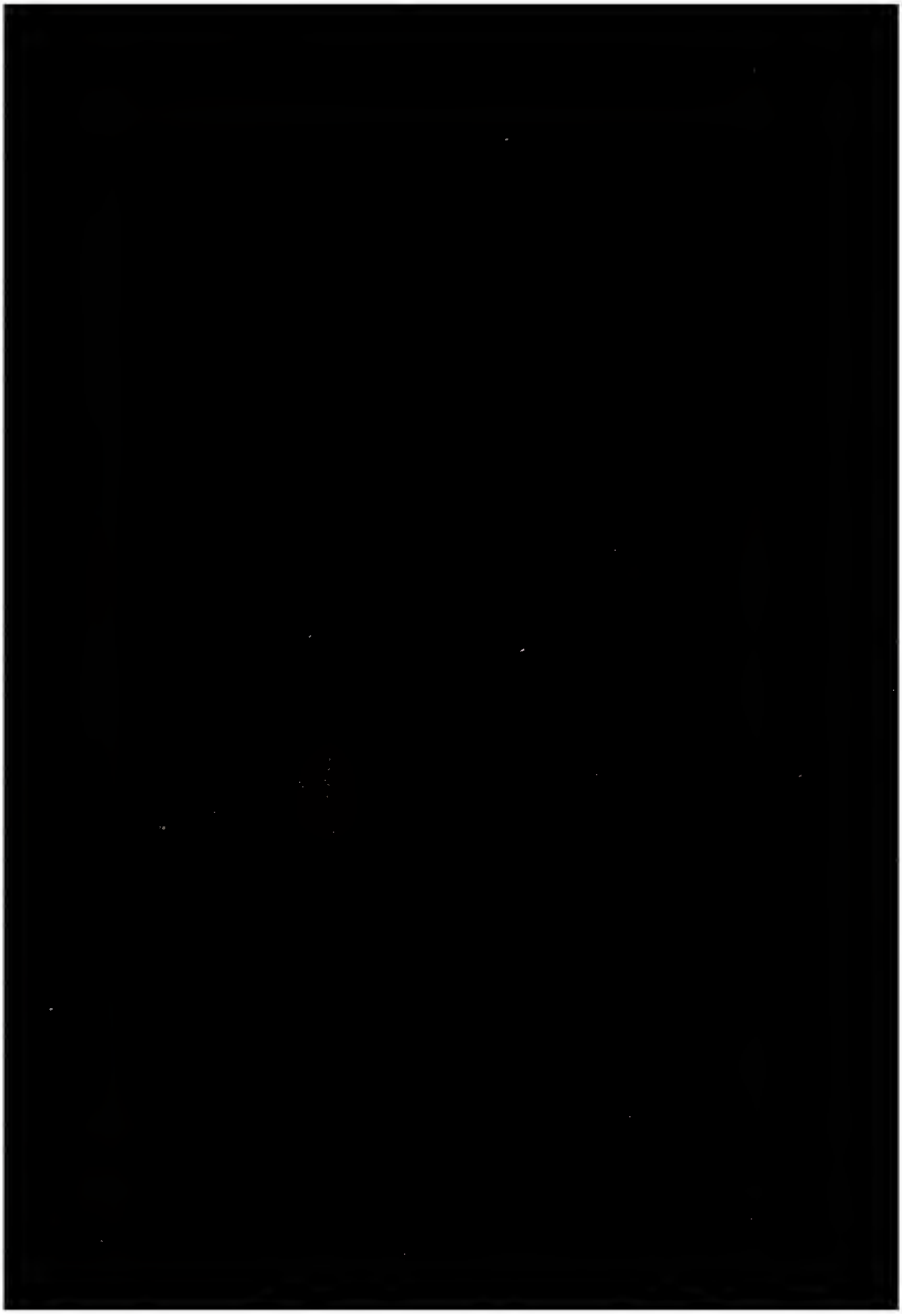
of Wesleyan and American Methodism. The history of African Methodism cannot be written if the names of Richard Allen, Jacob Tapscio, Clayton Durham, James Champion, Thomas Webster, Daniel Coker, Richard Williams, Henry Harden, Stephen Hill, Edward Williams, Richard Gilliard, Peter Spencer, Jacob Marsh, Edward Jackson, William Andrews and Reuben Cuff are left out. The story of the struggles of these illustrious men for religious liberty has been told by the founder of African Methodism in his autobiography. If a lack of love for God and respect for His commandments can be offered as an apology for Wesleyan Methodism, a lack of love for man and respect for his religious rights can be given with equal propriety for the organization of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Probably less pretentious, but certainly no less interesting is the history of African Methodism compared with that of the powerful religious denominations which precede it. The men who preached its first sermons, fought its

first battles, and finally laid the foundation stones of its organic structure, were men without education, without money, without social standing and with but nominal freedom; but they were not without soul, manhood and a good cause. When the last vestige of prejudice shall have passed away, and a Christian nation is born which recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the Church historian will write down these sons of Africa upon the list of those whom the world will delight to call great. From the very beginning, women have been conspicuous in the history of the A. M. E. Church. When it was necessary to set a watch about the pulpit on Saturday night in order to have right of way on Sunday, the women were found in large numbers, who, like the sainted Lucretia Mott, sat with sleepless eyes guarding their tender plant of religious liberty. Some of them are yet alive to bear testimony to these facts; "but others have fallen asleep." If more African Methodist history—especially in the

form of biography—were written, it would be a means of enlightenment to the present generation and enable them to better appreciate the work of those who labored in the past. I think there is a hopeful tendency in this direction. Dr. B. T Tanner, than whom there is no better authority, in a recent article says: "No year now passes by without the appearance in some quarter of our widely extended denomination, and from the pen of our own men, some pamphlet or book; and so true is it that the words of Solomon may now be fitly quoted: "Of making many books there is no end."

While this little work is but a modest offering to the list, it is earnestly hoped that it will be of real profit to those who may chance to read it, in awakening a higher appreciation of the life-work and character of those who so order their lives as to be a blessing to the world. Those who live in the present age have in a great measure the advantage of those who lived in the past, and the accomplishments of

the present generation should be proportionately greater. The Church has need of men and women who have the work at heart. Our educational, missionary and Sunday-school work especially need developing and extending. The field is large and the possibilities for successful effort are great. Let those who are in the work be inspired with renewed zeal, and let others say in the language of the prophet: "Here am I, send me." EDITOR.

At School.

THAT there was no real necessity for the young graduate of the Colored Institute to teach school for a livelihood all know who are at all acquainted with her family, the Bishop, her father, being among the best-to-do of the colored citizens of Philadelphia. But with such souls there is a necessity more real and dominating in its demands than that which arises from the lack of temporal comfort. Katie could have lived at ease and shared the full bounty of her venerable father; but instead, she felt that "necessity was laid upon" her to do something; and so immediately upon her graduation in 1872, we find her at the head of one of the divisions in the Public School of Chester, Pa. The following illustration is a representation of her at work, in "teaching young ideas how to shoot."